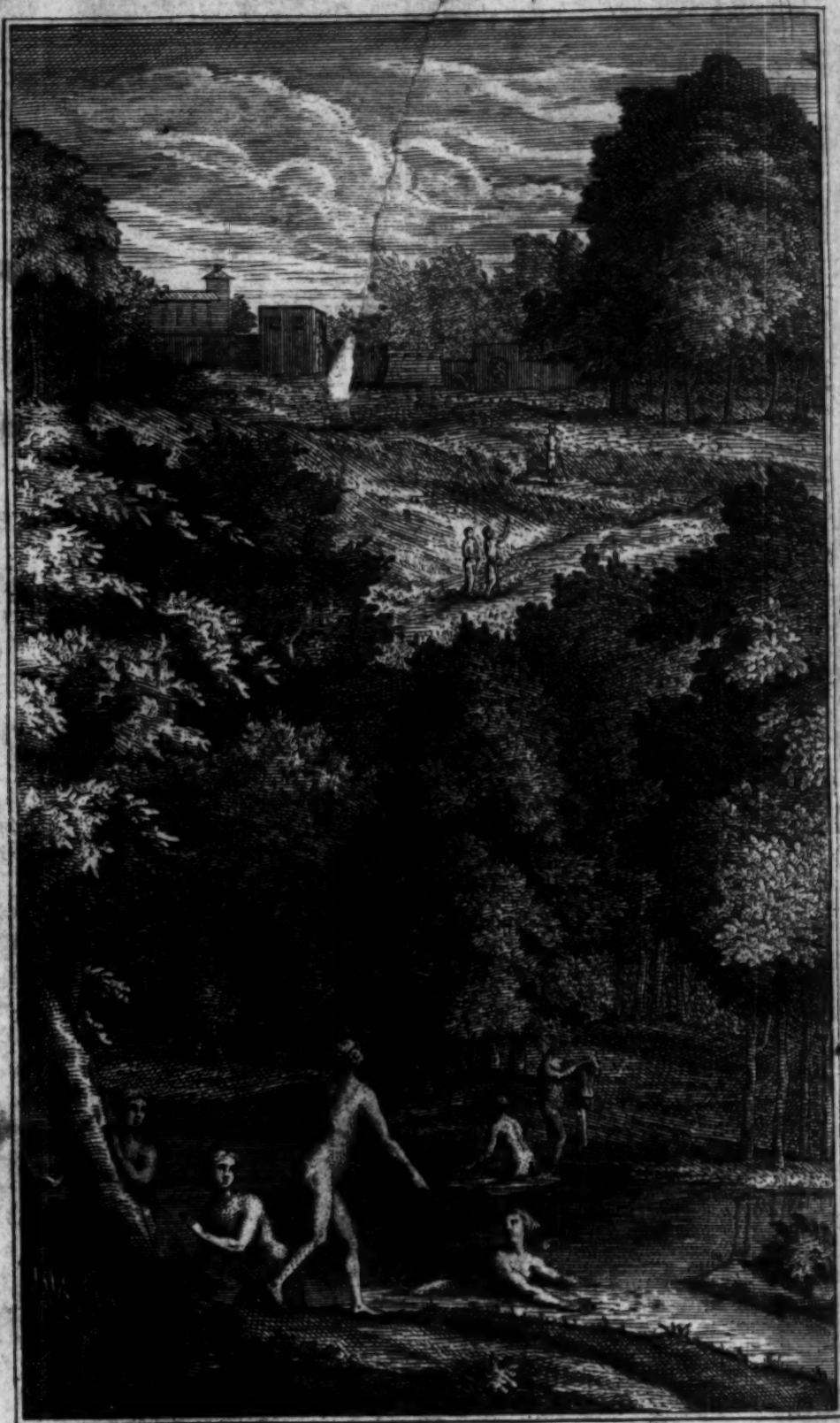


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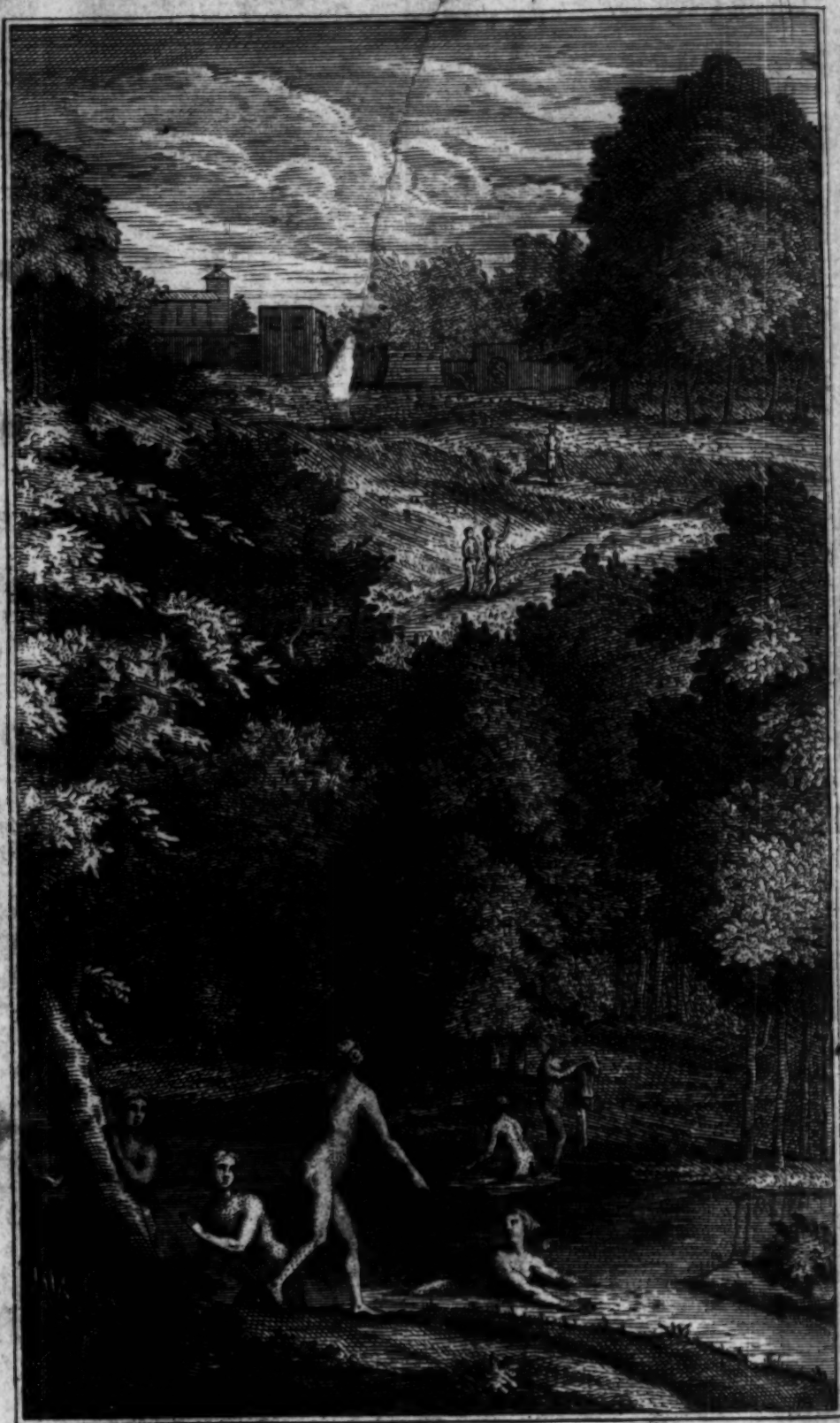
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Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable.

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GEORGE

Lord LANSDOWN.

By Mr. POPE.

*Non injussa cano: Te nostræ Vare myricæ
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT at the Cross Keys between
the Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. 1720.

WINDSOR FOREST

To the Right Hon.ble

GEORGE

PRINCE OF WALES

BY MR. R. B. RAY

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON



Printed by J. G. B. RAY, at the Office of the
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WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.



HY Forests, *Windsor*! and thy green retreats,

At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,

Invite my lays. Be present sylvan Maids!

Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades;

Granville commands; your aid O Muses bring!

What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?

The Groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,

Live in description, and look green in song:

6 WINDSOR-FOREST.

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,

Here earth and water seem to strive again;

Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,

But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

Where order in variety we see,

And where, tho all things differ, all agree.

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,

And part admit, and part exclude the day;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress:

There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,

Thin trees arise that shun each others shades.

Here in full light the russet plains extend;

There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend:

Ev'n

WINDSOR FOREST. 7

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our Oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See *Pan* with Flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd Ground,
Here *Ceres'* gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;

8 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.

Not thus the Land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and * savage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and severe than they ;
Who claim'd the Skies, dispeopled air and floods
The lonely Lords of empty wilds and woods.
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser Brutes were backward to be slaves.)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd
And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;

* *The Forest Laws.*

WINDSOR-FOREST. 9

The swain with tears to beasts his labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
No wonder savages or subjects slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ;
Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,
But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.
Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The * fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains,
From Men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked Temples roar ;

* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William the first.

10 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Round broken Columns clasping Ivy twin'd,
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And wolves with howling fill the sacred Quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Common curst,
Th'oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
And treats alike his Vassals and his God:
Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see the man who spacious regions gave
A Waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his * second hope survey,
At once the chafer and at once the prey.

* Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

WINDSOR-FOREST. II

Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th'unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious Swain.
Fair Liberty, *Britannia's* Goddess, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous Swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-thorn field the Partridge feeds,

12 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th'unfaithful field, beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When *Albion* sends her eager Sons to war,
Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
Sudden, before some unsuspecting town,
The captive Race, one instant makes our prize,
And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

WINDSOR-FOREST. 13

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny:
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.

(Beasts, taught by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughter-ring guns th'unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.

Off,

14 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Of't, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden death:
Of't, as the mounting Larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breath along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* die,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

WINDSOR-FOREST. 15

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus*' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war;
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks furround,
Rowze the fleet Hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And 'ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old *Arcadia* boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train,
Nor envy, *Windsor*! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;

Now

Whose

16 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.
Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,
Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, *Thames!* the fair *Lodona* nam'd,
(*Lodona's* fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone:
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair,
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

It

WINDSOR-FOREST. 17

It chanc'd, as eager of the chace the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight encreas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling Doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
(His shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

18 WINDSOR FOREST.

In vain on father *Thames* she calls for aid,

Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd maid.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;

“ Ah *Cynthia*! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,

“ Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,

“ My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore,

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves.

* *The River Loddon.*

WINDSOR-FOREST. 19

Oft' in her glass the Musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green.
Thro' the fair scene rowl flow the ling'ring streams
Then foaming, pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.
Thou too, great father of the *British* floods!
With joyful pride survey our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading honours rear,
And future Navies on thy banks appear.
Not *Neptune's* self from all his floods receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so full no streams appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.

20 WINDSOR FOREST

Not fabled *Po* more swells the Poet's lays,
 While thro' the skies his shining current strays,
 Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
 Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,
 Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below:
 Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by beauty still,
 Might change *Olympus* for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves;
 Happy next him who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physick spoils the fields:

With

WINDSOR FOREST 21

With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs.
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye.
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er.
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wife and good,
T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end.
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,
Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

22 WINDSOR FOREST

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions blest,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 Of bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To *Thames's* banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* hill.
 (On *Cooper's* hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow.)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 And hear soft musick dye along the grove;
 Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestick *Denham* sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from * *Cowley's* tongue.

* *Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.*

O early

WINDSOR FOREST. 23

O early lost! what tears the River shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where *Cowley* strung,
His living harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make *Windsor*-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;

24 WINDSOR FOREST

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver Star.

Here noble * *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former age;
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,
What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

* Henry Howard E. of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English
Poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry the VIIIth.

With

WINDSOR-FOREST 25

With * *Edward's* acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and *Cress's* glorious field,
The Lillies blazing on the regal shield.
Then, from her Roofs when *Verrio's* colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall;
Still in thy song should vanquish'd *France* appear,
And bleed for ever under *Britain's* spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated † *Henry* mourn,
And Palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once fear'd ‡ *Edward* sleeps:
Whom not th'extended *Albion* could contain,
From old *Belerium* to the Northern main,

* Edward III. born here. † Henry VI. ‡ Edward IV.

26 WINDSOR-FOREST

The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!
 Make sacred *Charles's* tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone)
 Oh fact accurst! what tears has *Albion* shed,
 Heav'n's what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful Series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length great *Anna* said—Let discord cease!
 She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!
 In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
 Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head
 His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

Gray'd

WINDSOR-FOREST. 27

Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the Moon that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tydes;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks *Augusta* rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
That swell with tributary urns his flood.
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding *Ips* and the fruitful *Tame*:
The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd:
The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose clear streams his flowry islands lave;
And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;
The gulphy *Lee* his fedy tresses rears:
And fullen *Mole* that hides his diving flood;
And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

High

28 WINDSOR FOREST

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
Where *Windsor* domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That *Thames's* glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' *Tyber's* streams immortal *Rome* behold,
Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with rydes of gold,
From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold *Nilus* flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let *Volga's* banks with Iron squadrons shine,
And groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*,

Let

WINDSOR-FOREST. 29

Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a fervile train;

Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

No more my sons shall dye with *British* blood

Red *Iber's* sands, or *Ister's* foaming flood;

Safe on my shore each unmolested swain

Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;

The shady empire shall retain no trace

Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace,

The trumpets sleep, while chearful horns are blown,

And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.

Behold! th'ascending *Villa's* on my side,

Project long shadows o'er the crystal tyde.

Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring spires increase,

And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace,

I see, I see where two fair Cities bend

Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* ascend!

There

30 WINDSOR FOREST

There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,

The worlds great Oracle in times to come;

There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen

Once more to bend before a *British* Queen.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their woods,

And half thy forests rush into my floods,

Bear *Britain's* thunder, and her Cross display,

To the bright regions of the rising day;

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,

Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;

Or under Southern skies exalt their sails,

Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,

The coral redden, and the ruby glow,

The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,

And *Phæbus* warm the ripening ore to gold.

There

The

WINDSOR-FOREST 31

The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
And Seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
Whose naked youth and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more:
Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and wooe their fable Loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with gold.

The

Where

Exil'd

32 WINDSOR-FOREST

Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy care,
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there.
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There Faction roars, Rebellion bites her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of *Albion's* golden days.
 The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

Exil'd

Where

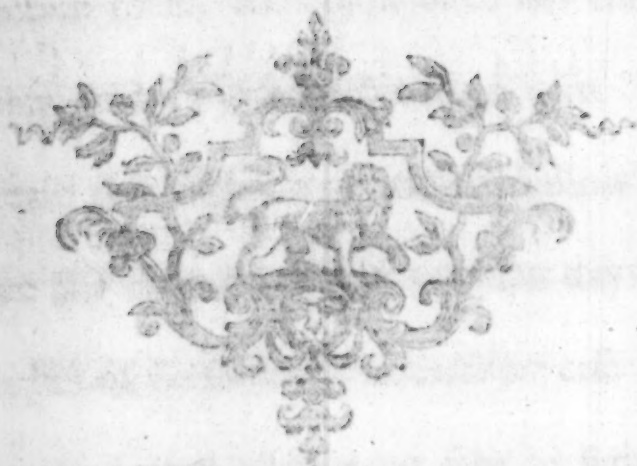
WINDSOR-FOREST. 19

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.



WINDSOR FOREST. 19

Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning strains
Thou in the fields I sing the lyre strains.

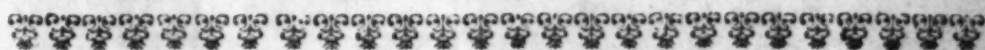




M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred Eclogue, &c.



C 2

M E 2 2 1 A H.

Sacred Echoes, &c.



Th

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MESSIAH.

A

Sacred Eclogue,

In imitation of Virgil's Pollio.



E Nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the song:

To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,

The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,

Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire

Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From * *Jesse's* root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
 Th'Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye † heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly showr!
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ** Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

* Isaiah, chap. 11. v. 1. † Chap. 45. v. 8. ‡ Chap. 25. v. 4.

** Chap. 9. v. 7.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty * *Lebanon* his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise.
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the † way! a God, a God appears;
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise!

* Chap. 35. v. 2.

* Chap. 40. v. 3, 4.

40 PASTORALS.

With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear * him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he th'obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th'unfolding ear.
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding Roe :
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear :
 In † adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th'eternal wound.

* Chap. 42. v. 18. Chap. 35. v. 5, 6.

† Chap. 25. v. 8.

PASTORALS. 41

As the good * shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd † father of the future age.
 No more ‡ shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.

* Chap. 40. v. 11.

† Chap. 9. v. 6.

‡ Chap. 2. v. 4.

Then palaces shall rise; the joyful * Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren † desarts with surprize
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear:
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy ‡ vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.

* Chap. 65. v. 21, 22.
 v. 19. and Chap. 55. v. 13.

† Chap. 35. v. 1, 7.

‡ Chap. 41.

PASTORALS 43

The * lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the Tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless † serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ‡ *Salem* rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long ** race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

* Chap. 11. v. 6, 7, 8.

** Chap 60. v. 4.

† Chap. 65. v. 25.

‡ Chap. 60. v. 1.

44 PASTORALS.

See barb'rous * nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend:
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with products of † *Sabæan* springs!
 For thee *Idume's* spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in *Ophyr's* mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising ‡ Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: The Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

* Chap. 60. v. 3.

† Chap. 60. v. 6.

‡ Chap. 60. v. 19, 20.

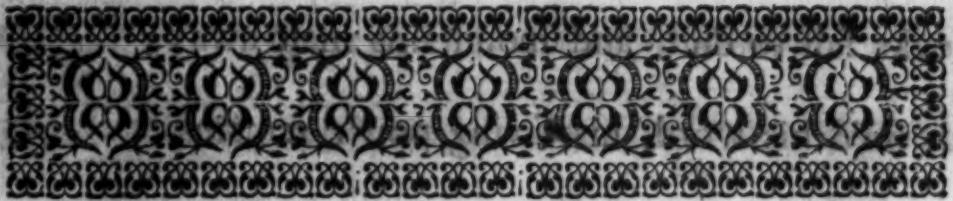
PASTORALS. 45

The * seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains,
Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

* Chap. 51. v. 6. and Chap. 54. v. 10.



ADVER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of *Virgil*. This will not seem surprizing when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a *Sibylline* prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that *Virgil* did not copy it line by line, but selected such Ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and dispos'd them in that manner which serv'd most to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of *Isaiah*, and those of *Virgil*, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

A Virgin

*A Virgin shall conceive——All crimes shall
cease, &c.*

VIR. E. 4. V. 6. Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto——
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

*Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Sa-
turn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from
high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques
of our crimes remain, shall be wip'd away, and free
the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the
earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 7. V. 14. Behold a Virgin shall con-
ceive, and bear a Son——Ch. 9 V. 6, 7. Unto us a
Child is born, unto us a Son is given; The Prince of
Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his
Peace, there shall be no end: Upon the Throne of
David, and upon his Kingdom, to order and to stablish
it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

See Nature hastes, &c.

VIR. E. 4. V. 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho——
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

*For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being
tilled, produce early offerings; winding Ivy, with
Baccar*

Virgin

*Baccar and Colocasia mix'd with smiling Acanthus,
Thy Cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about
thee.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. v. 1. *The wilderness and the so-
litary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice
and blossom as the rose.* Ch. 60. v. 13. *The glory of
Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-
tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of
thy Sanctuary.*

Hark! a glad Voice, &c. &c.

(honores,

VIRG. E. 4. v. 48. *Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!*

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant

Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,

Ipsa sonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca. E. 5. v. 62.

*Oh come and receive the mighty honours: The time
draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great
encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send
shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse,
the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!*

ISAIAH, Ch. 40. v. 3, 4. *The voice of him that crieth
in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!
make strait in the desert a high way for our God!
Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain
and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be
made strait, and the rough places plain,* Ch. 4.
v. 23. *Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O fo-
rest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath re-
deemed Israel.*

The

The Swain in barren deserts, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. v. 28. Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva;
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

*The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears; and the
red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the
hard Oaks shall distil honey like dew.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. v. 7. The parched ground shall
become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water:
In the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass
and reeds and rushes. Ch. 55. v. 13. Instead of the
thorn shall come up the firr-tree, and instead of the
briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.

The lambs with wolves, &c.

VIR. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni
Occidet—

*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended
with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest
lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that con-
ceals poison shall die.*

ISAIAH, Ch. II. v. 16. The wolf shall dwell with
the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid,
and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling toge-
ther; and a little child shall lead them—And the
lion shall eat straw like the ox, And the sucking
child

child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.

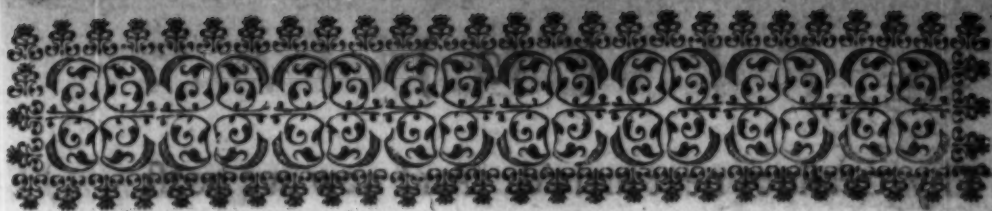
Rise crown'd with light, &c.

The thoughts that follow to the end of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of *Virgil* which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo!
— toto surget gens aurea mundo!
— incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo letentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of *Isaiab*, as they are cited in the margins of the preceding Eclogue.





Killala in the County of Mayo
in Ireland, June 7. 1715.

To Mr. POPE on his WINDSOR-
FOREST.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And *Windsor's* gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And *India* pour'd her gawdy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of *Persia* glitter'd on our strand,
And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand;
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: And now we boast

A nobler Cargo on our barren coast.

From thy luxuriant Forest we receive

More lasting glories than the East can give.

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,

What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!

The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,

Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.

Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows

The sylvan state that on her border grows,

While she the wondring shepherd entertains

With a new *Windsor* in her watry plains:

Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass;

The living scene is in the Muse's glass.

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,

When *Philomela* sits and warbles there,

Than

Than when you sing the greens, and opening glades
And give us Harmony as well as Shades.

A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;

A new creation starts in ev'ry line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,

And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,

And give at once the day, at once the night!

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,

In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!

And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom;

And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:

Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,

And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
 Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime!
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
 Let me ne'er flow like thee! nor make thy stream
 My sad example, or my wretched theme.
 Like bombast now thy raging billows roar,
 And vainly dash themselves against the shore:
 About like quibbles now thy froth is thrown,
 And all extreams are in a moment shown.

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
 And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant Bow'rs;
 Or to my much-lov'd *Iſis* walks convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay:
 Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green;
 There ſacred *Hough* long found his ſam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Clafſic ſtore,
 And made that muſic which was noiſe before.
 There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
 Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe;
 Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the ſoft abode.
 The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day.

They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
 Who cou'd hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
 I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain;
 Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
 His gawdy robes in dazling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.
 Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by,
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly

O'er

O'er hills and dales; and now I lose the course,

Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.

Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,

He'd view a courser that might match his own!

Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,

Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?

The soft complaint shall over time prevail;

The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,

The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,

At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britains* more

Than all their shouts for Victory before.

Oh! cou'd *Britannia* imitate thy stream,

The world should tremble at her awful name.

From

From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde,
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;
 A while distinct thro' many chanel's run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
 And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

Fr. Knapp.



BOOKS